

The Indiana Statesman

ISU

CAMPUS SKETCH

Spring, 1978

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The Indiana Statesman Campus Sketch

Vol. 1 No. 2 - Spring, 1978

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COVER PHOTO - Fairbanks Park, along banks of the Wabash River, is where Statesman photographer Dan Deem saw an ISU student tandem team practicing for mid-April Tandemonia '78 bicycle race.

CAMPUS SKETCH, a laboratory production of ISU journalism students in the Magazine Writing and Magazine Editing classes, appears this Spring in a new format. CAMPUS SKETCH is designed to match today's popular magazine size, rather than the tabloid size of its first publication last Fall. Editorial assistants for this Spring magazine are Barbara Norris, Eric Finn, Pamela Nolan and Larry Williams. Faculty adviser is Dan B. McCarthy. In charge of advertising production is James Swander, professional advertising director of The Indiana Statesman, campus newspaper at Indiana State University, 120 N. Seventh St., Terre Haute, IN 47809.

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FIRST IN FASHION

College, Then What?

A Recent Graduate Finds Out

By MICHAEL HIBBARD

Genie Fowler finished her undergraduate work at Indiana State University in December of 1977 majoring in journalism and minoring in history. Loaded with a list of credits, a thesaurus, dictionary and typewriter, and an outstanding journalistic record, Fowler wants to leave her hometown of Terre Haute. With a buoyant spirit and reachable goals, she wants to move on.

"I've lived here most of my life, and I feel that it is time for a change. I want to see new things and meet new people. Basically, I'll go wherever I can find a good job," she says.

While still at Terre Haute's South Vigo High School, Genie Fowler wrote for the youth page of the Terre Haute Tribune-Star (Sunday Edition) and for the Talisman, her high school newspaper, which she later became editor.

In the summer of 1973, Fowler attended Northwood Institute at French Lick, Ind. with approximately 150 other students from area Indiana schools for intense study in her field which covered all aspects of newspaper work for high school editors and provided a good, general background in the field of journalism.

Judged on a point basis at Northwood, she was voted 'Runner-up Newspaperman' and received a charm for a bracelet and a certificate.

TAKES NEWS EDITOR POST

Since this article was written Genie Fowler has been employed as news editor of the weekly West Salem (IL) INDEPENDENT-TIMES. She began her editorial coverage for the Illinois newspaper on April 10, 1978.

Fowler was selected the outstanding journalist for 1978-1979 for outstanding senior graduate in the field of journalism by the Indiana State University campus chapter of the Society of Professional Journalists/Sigma Delta Chi (SPJ/SDX).

A citation of achievement was awarded April 14, 1978, at the ISU Journalism Week banquet.

Genie Fowler was eligible for an ISU journalism Freshman Talent Scholarship when she started college at Indiana State, but did not use it. Later in her freshman year, she was awarded a cash grant for 'Outstanding Freshman Journalist' by the Society For Collegiate Journalists, of which she served as president in 1975.

In her ISU junior year, Fowler received the Claude Billings

GENIE FOWLER



Award for the outstanding sophomore or junior in the field of journalism and half of a Eugene C. Pulliam \$1,500 Newspaper Journalism Scholarship in her senior year because she graduated a semester early.

While at Indiana State, the versatile student worked as reporter; news, campus, and events editor; editor-in-chief and managing editor for the Indiana Statesman, the ISU campus newspaper, where her published stories were in the hundreds. She was also a student assistant for a journalism professor, served on the student advisory committee for the Department of English and Journalism, and was a member of the Student Publication Board on campus.

During this time, Fowler's work was also published in the 1976 ISU yearbook, the Campus Sketch, Terre Haute's Spectator magazine, the Terre Haute Star and the Indianapolis Star, the latter a rewrite from a Spectator article. She also helped write and edit a leaflet for the National Council On Crime and Delinquency.

When it was confirmed that Richard G. Landini would replace Allen C. Rankin as president of Indiana State University, Genie Fowler got to work on the "Special Edition" of the Indiana Statesman. Reporters and photographers were waiting at Terre Haute's Hulman Field when the new president arrived from Montana on a late flight. Fowler and the rest of the staff "stayed up" until 5 a.m. getting the news of his arrival in the next day's edition.

Fowler also credited "a source" in the Office of Safety and Security on campus for tips leading to on-the-scene reporting of bomb scare evacuations of dormitories in 1975 and 1976.

"I got quite a few good scoops that way," she beamed.

Concerning her education at ISU, Fowler said that she believes the journalism program at the school has improved in many positive ways.

She cited examples: the English and Journalism Department at Indiana State is offering a wider variety of classes that had not been offered regularly in the past, like Advanced Reporting and Magazine Editing. She also helped the Indiana Statesman grow into a stronger daily newspaper.

"My overall education has given me a liberal arts background, but I don't know everything. There is always more to learn," she confessed.

Recognizing that travel is an education in itself, she recalled camping on a mountain in Washington state during a family vacation, collecting seashells on a foggy day, "alone with the world." She says she regretted coming back to Terre Haute.

Fowler now works part-time for the Terre Haute Star, an enjoyable assignment, she admits.

Her newspaper work includes: rewriting press releases or articles clipped from other papers, writing obituaries on occasion, and copy editing on the video display terminal (V.D.T.), which sends the news copy directly into a computer for type setting. She also does general assignment reporting.

In addition to the part-time job at the Star, Fowler also has a job at Columbia House, a division of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

"It pays the rent," she says.

Her duties at CBS include: sorting and filing the correspondence for the record club, writing postcards and letters, and working generally with club mail.

"Holding a job not in my field," she states, "gives me a greater appreciation of journalism and a stronger desire to work full-time in my field."

Genie Fowler wants to work full-time on a fairly good-sized newspaper, as large as, or larger than the Terre Haute Star, a daily, morning newspaper, serving the city of Terre Haute and the surrounding communities. But this type of position, she realizes, is "hard to come by."

A professional student at heart, Fowler wants to live in a large city with a university because she likes the atmosphere

of a college town and knows that there is more social life and things to do.

The aspiring newspaperwoman, at present an active member of The Society of Professional Journalists Sigma Delta Chi, a professional fraternity for journalists, has placed job applications across the United States. She is in contact with a number of editors.

She was offered a job on a small, weekly newspaper in northern Indiana, which she has turned down for possible better offers.

Fowler hopes someday to be an editor of, or to have a controlling interest in, a newspaper. She would also like to write children's mystery stories on the junior high school level or to teach journalism at a university. And she would like to live near the Pacific Ocean, possibly in Washington or California.

Her hobbies include: collecting antiques, refinishing furniture, reading, macrame, crochet, ice skating, bike riding, hiking, camping, and collecting fossils.

Genie also writes and experiments in photographic work, mostly black and white film, but some color shots.

The young journalist is not just sitting back, waiting for something to fall in her lap. She is thinking ahead.

"If I can't find a full-time job with a newspaper by the end of the summer of 1978, I plan to go to graduate school," she says.

Fowler has applied at Iowa State, Indiana University and a university in Kansas. -#-

ISU in the Past

In 1927....

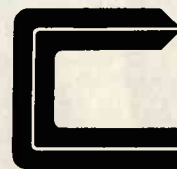
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By Julie Randall

A Disappearing Profession

Barney Beachkofsky, Brazil Cigar-Maker, Rolls His Own

"Anything you do you must like . . . or else you won't be a success," philosophizes Barney Beachkofsky, a charming individual with a disappearing profession.

Beachkofsky makes cigars; he is one of the few craftsmen left in the country. He operates his business in a weather-

beaten building on south Walnut Street in Brazil, IN, where he has worked since first moving to Brazil in 1934.

"Good cigar-makers . . . good people . . . small, good city" were his reasons for locating in Brazil.

Born in a province of Poland in 1899, Beachkofsky came to the United States in 1916. After mastering the art of making



Deftly, Barney Beachkofsky expertly rolls another handmade cigar at his Brazil factory. He will be eighty years old this summer. (Photo by Annette Brown)



cigars, he went to work for a tobacco factory in Chicago in 1920. Later, he went into business for himself in Chicago, employing more than 100 people.

"When all the banks closed up, everything was kaput," said Beachkofsky, referring to the Great Depression of 1929.

Beachkofsky moved to Brazil in 1934, where he again employed a large number of people and built a flourishing business.

Today, one part-time employee assists Beachkofsky in his cigar factory, Anna Breace, who has worked with him for more than 40 years.

The large workroom is full of boxes and crates, many containing quantities of tobacco.

"Cigars are made from several kinds of tobacco," explained Beachkofsky. He receives his tobacco supplies from Connecticut and Pennsylvania.

Various tobaccos require different methods of care. While using caution to keep some tobacco moist, it is imperative to keep other types dry. Also, the stems of the tobacco leaves must be removed before the first step is taken toward making a cigar.

All handmade cigars produced in Beachkofsky's factory are made from completely natural tobacco. He rolls the tobacco, then places the cigar in a type of press. His assistant trims the edges and finishes the cigar by placing it in its wrapper.

Beachkofsky doesn't mind the extra work involved in making a handmade cigar. "If you want to make something good, it takes . . . much work," he said, justifiably proud of his work. His cigars are made with no synthetic material whatsoever; and personal craftsmanship, unavailable when cigars are produced on assembly lines, is assured in Beachkofsky's cigar factory, which contains no modern equipment.

In a huge room is his workbench, where the entire process

of making the cigar is started and completed. A rectangular light above the workbench supplies the room adequately. Boxes and crates full of tobacco line the walls. The room has an extremely high ceiling, characteristic of many older buildings.

"There used to be more than 600 cigar makers. Some went to the better world. Some retired. I am one of the last," Beachkofsky said.

"Not enough people want to learn the trade. They want to push buttons," he said.

Cigars range in price from 25 to 40 cents, depending on what size cigar the customer wants. Beachkofsky sells his cigars to "anybody who wants to buy them." He has many customers in Indianapolis and in the Chicago area.

Beachkofsky keeps in step with the times. Like today's organic gardeners and pure food fadists, he believes that a product should be pure.

Beachkofsky is a small man with white hair and a quick smile, moving and talking with a seemingly boundless energy. His enthusiasm for life and for his work are obvious as he describes and demonstrates his profession. His voice is strong and confident with a definite accent, adding to his Old World charm.

Beachkofsky's philosophy includes hard work, thoughts of a better life, and personal integrity.

At the age of 79, he still goes daily to his factory and works from seven in the morning to five in the afternoon. Beachkofsky says: "If you don't do anything, you stop eating and go to a better life . . . or is there a better life?"

Beachkofsky even had sage, solid advice for writers, whom he admonishes to "always write the truth. Some writers write God-knows-what. It's no good . . . it's no good."

Barney Beachkofsky . . . truly a remarkable man-the master of a vanishing art. -#-

ISU's Eye in the Sky

By DAVID HILL

"Why, it looks just like Africa," the soft-spoken elderly lady said, peering through the telescope across the vast reaches of space at the planet Mars. She was one of an estimated 80,000 persons who visited the ISU Astronomical Observatory in early September 1973 to view the Red Planet at its opposition point--or the closest and most favorable position for viewing from Earth.

Perched atop the Science Building, this cylindrical structure serves as a shelter for the men and machines who keep a watchful vigil over the Terre Haute skies.

"The observatory was installed when the Science Building was first opened back in 1956-57," said Ben Dailey, who has

been associated with operation of the dome since 1969.

A problem had to be solved when the telescope was first delivered. Because the operating and assembling instructions were written in Japanese, no one really understood how to assemble it.

Tom Pickett, who now teaches at Terre Haute North High School, and Neal Farley, a physics instructor in the Griffith (Ind.) school system, came to the rescue and put together the six-inch, 300x refractor telescope as their Masters thesis project.

"This observatory really isn't a teaching aid in astronomy, but a public relations type situation," Dailey continued. "It's just basically open to the public." He used as an example the open house the observatory sponsored during the Martian observations.

"Mars was as close as it was going to be in about 30,000 years," he said, "and we opened the observatory for a solid week to the public." Dailey said that at least three times during one night people were lined up across the roof, down the stairs, out onto the sidewalk and around in front of the building. "It was really unusual," he concluded.

Dailey said that the woman's description of Mars is probably the oddest occurrence he has experienced concerning his associations with the public.

"One of the absolute best descriptions that could be given of that area of Mars was that it did indeed look like Africa," he continued, a trace of incredulity in his voice.

Time spent keeping the observatory in top-notch operating condition consumes almost as many hours as operating the telescope itself. Even though the typical refractor telescope is one of the easiest to maintain, the drive mechanism which enables the tube to swing from one direction to another requires considerable work. "If the bearings don't work precisely, the telescope catches and makes good viewing impossible," he said.

While I sat inside the observatory I had the impression of being inside a dark, hollow egg. Low intensity red light bulbs are located at strategic points inside the dome to provide a minimal amount of light. Shelves stacked with books and charts hang over an old desk which serves as Dailey's office. The walls, painted a flat gray-black, reflect a limited amount of outside light. "Our viewing was increased about 150 per cent," said Dailey about the paint job.

The dome is driven by a small motor which turns the canopy on a small track, giving unlimited access to the entire sky. Dailey pressed a button which activated the motor. A loud whirring noise reverberated the walls of the small room as the dome swung around into a new position.

"That's about as automatic as we get around here," he said.

ISU purchased the telescope with a non-electric clock drive so that if the power ever went off in the Terre Haute area, the scope could take advantage of the total darkness and not be affected by the power outage.

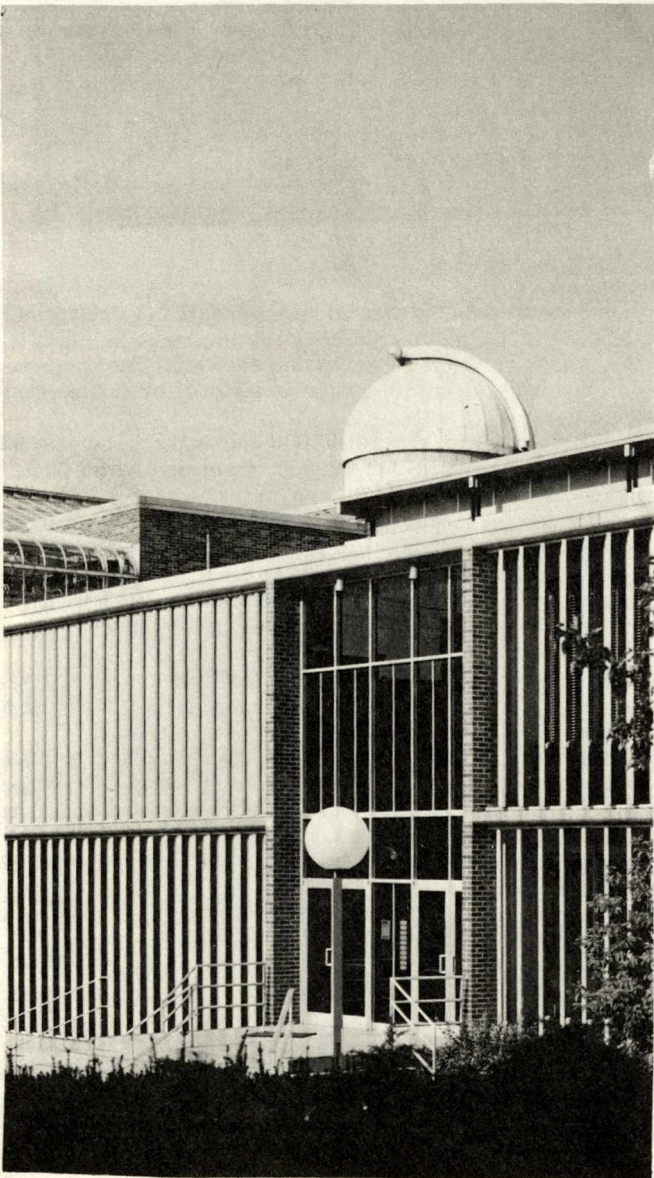
"Unfortunately, the dome is powered by electricity," he concluded.

Dailey has seen many astronomical phenomena since he first started coordinating the observatory. "We have viewed a lot of nebulae and galaxies," he said, "and a great number of non-recurring objects, such as meteors and eclipses."

The most awe inspiring thing Dailey has seen was a transit of the planet Mercury in 1969. "We set up the electric very early one morning and watched the dark disc of Mercury move across the front of the sun. It was just beautiful," he said. Dailey claims these to be the most rare and exciting moments at the observatory.

"The one thing that has made me awe the universe is the comprehension of the distance, size and great mechanics which causes the universe the turn," he said.

The observatory, at sixth and Chestnut Streets, is open every Tuesday night for public viewing. Admission is free.



Evansville Psychiatric Children's Center

By SHARRON HAYGOOD

Every child should have the opportunity to develop to the extent of his capabilities. As a result, each patient at the Evansville Psychiatric Children's Center receives individualized care and treatment in a therapeutic environment.

"This is the first residential treatment center exclusively for emotionally disturbed children operating by the State of Indiana," said Margaret Luerssen, director of community services for the center.

The two dormitories composed of single, double, and four bedrooms provide living quarters for 28 children. Staff offices, therapy rooms and classrooms are located in the administration building. The recreation building has a mini-sized gym, crafts room and offices.

Luerssen mentioned two ways in which a child may be admitted to the center:

1) Upon referral from a comprehensive mental health center, through the family physician, school corporation, child care agency, parents or legal guardians.

2) Upon direct admission by a physician in private practice who is also a member of the center's medical staff.

Certain criteria have been set for admission. Luerssen mentioned a few of these:

1) The age range extends from four years to 15 years.

2) The primary problem is mental illness, not mental retardation.

3) Parents or guardians agree to be actively involved in the total treatment program of the child. This may mean regularly scheduled conferences with professional staff.

"Cost always worries parents. But they say they want what is best for their children," Luerssen said.

"The center is funded by the State of Indiana and operated by the Department of Mental Health. There is a legal charge for treatment and care; however, no child will be refused admission because of his family's inability to pay."

If a child is admitted upon referral from a comprehensive mental health center, through the family physician, school corporation, child care agency, parents or legal guardians, he is immediately assigned to a treatment team.

If a child is admitted by a member of the center's medical staff, the physician is in direct charge of the private patient's treatment program. Following this period of hospitalization, the center will issue a full report, along with recommendations for future treatment. -#-

In 1970....

...the first Black orientation took place in the fall.



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The Life and Times of a DJ

By LARRY BEMIS

"Anybody can be a disc jockey. All they do is play records."

You've probably thought that many times. The life of a DJ must be easy. Nothing to do but listen to records.

That's what I thought. That is, until I went to work at a radio station.

Since the sixth grade, I had wanted to be a journalist. So, working as newsman for WAXI-FM was a dream come true. After a few weeks of early-morning news-gathering, the general manager decided he wanted me to try my hand at playing DJ. Fine. Except I had never worked a real radio board.

But, I thought I could learn everything pretty quick. After all, all DJ's do is spin records.

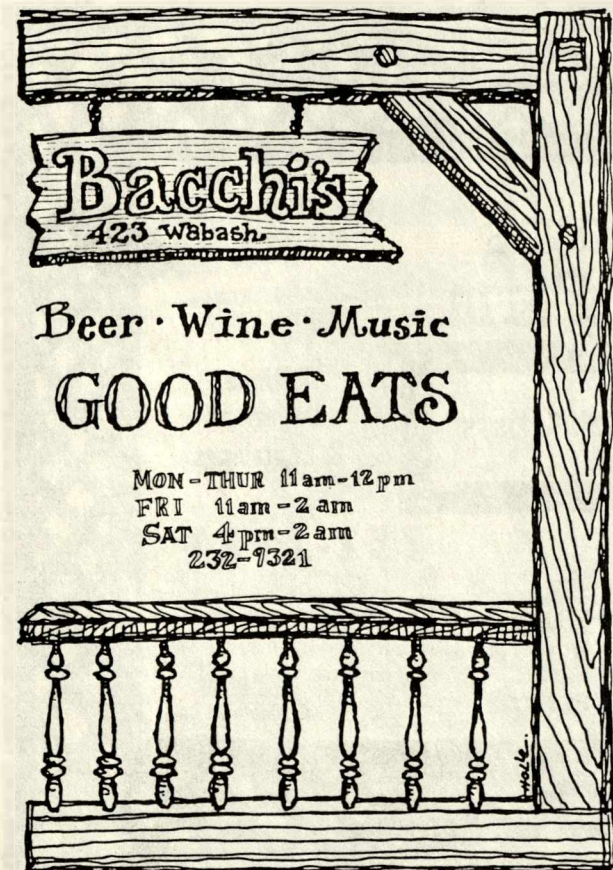
When I arrived at the station that first Saturday night, I went through my usual routine of checking the teletype machines for the latest weather and news, and to see if the machines had run out of paper. So far, so good. Finally, seven o'clock neared, and Scott, who works the afternoon shift said, "She's all yours!"

"Just what I always wanted," I thought. "A radio station I don't know how to run."

"I'll look over the log real quick," Scott said. "Be sure to sign on the transmitter log and read it every couple of hours. Also, check the tower lights after dark."

"What's all this log business," I wondered. "We don't have a fireplace."

Then Scott presented me with the program log. "Try not to goof it up too much."



"I'm sure I won't," I thought.

"Log station IDs in this column, one every hour, minimum, the time each commercial or program starts here, the length, type, source, and content here, here, here and here."

"That's a lot to remember."

"Network commercials at 28:50 and 58:50. There's 10 seconds between the end of the 58:50 and news on the hour, so you can run this ID." He handed me the cart tape marked "ID--:10--out Q: Rockville."

"You'll have to listen to some of those commercials pretty close. It's hard to tell what some of them are about until the very end."

"How reassuring," I thought.

It was now about 58 minutes past six, so I was supposedly ready for network commercials and news.

When the second hand finally crept up to the 50 second mark, I faded the music out, and flipped the key marked "Net." Much to my relief, there was a commercial.

No sooner had I logged the information than the commercial was over. I quickly pushed the button to start the station ID cart. Nothing happened.

"What now?" I was ready to panic. I moved the cart just a little, and it started. "I must not have had it in there straight." Fortunately, the ID ran a second short, and the news had a nice little jingo that helped cover up my little blunder.

"That sounded almost professional," I thought to myself. "I could get to like this job after all."

While listening to the news and logging the commercials, a terrible thought struck me. Pretty soon, I'd have to flip a little switch over here, and actually say something on the air.

I couldn't go all night without talking. Or could I? I was getting nervous. "What if I open the mike and can't say anything?" I had read the news before, so that shouldn't be any problem.

"But what if it is?"

Suddenly, it was a few seconds away from the end of the news, so I grabbed the weather forecast and turned on the mike.

"Clearing and cooler tonight. Low in the low 60s. Sunny and mile tomorrow, high near 80. Winds from the south, 5 to 10 tonight, 10 to 20 tomorrow." I lanced out the window at the thermometer. "Currently 68 degrees at WAXI."

I started a record and shut the mike off. "Now that wasn't so bad, was it?" I said outloud. "The hell if it wasn't."

I paused. "First I make my big debut on radio," I said, "then I sit here in the studio, all alone, and tell myself what a good job I did."

"I must be crazy."

After a few minutes I saw on the log that I was supposed to play a commercial before 7:30. "Fine, now where is the Ferguson Lumber Company." I said. "It's in Rockville, stupid."

"I sure am glad no one can hear me talking to myself. I wonder if all DJs do this?"

"Ah, Ferguson Lumber Company." I stuck the tape gently into the cart machine, and pushed it firmly until the yellow light came on. I tuned down the record and pushed the button to start the machine.

"You better work this time, you silly thing." I said.

It did.

Just as I began to understand the workings of a radio station, I noticed it was time to "read the transmitter." Now, there was another problem. "What about the transmitter do I read?"

I picked up the clipboard which had the transmitter logs on it, and walked back to the transmitter room. "Let's see-plate

On the ISU Radio-TV training scene a student keeps busy during a campus radio show.



voltage, plate current, percent power, frequency . . . now where do I find all this?"

The large VU meters on the transmitter were clearly marked. I noted the readings, then stuck my head out the back door to check the tower lights.

"Now I know how to read a transmitter."

Just as I got into the news at eight o'clock, a little light between the turntables came on. A buzzer sounded.

"What did I do now?"

Then I remembered the fellow from the telephone company telling me about the severe weather warning device he came to fix last week. So I went back to the transmitter room, and

pushed a silver button on the teletype to silence that obnoxious buzzer. When the weather bulletin was finished, I tore it off and read it after the news.

Around 10 o'clock, things settled down. I was getting the "hang" of broadcasting. I'm sure not everyone who works as a disc jockey has it quite as bad the first night as I did, although it must be nerve wracking the first few times. Having to empty the trash, answer the phone, check the wires, play engineer, weather and newsman, not to mention DJ isn't really hard. You just don't have time to sit down. Or think. Or relax. Or get a drink. Or go to the bathroom.

"I must be crazy."

TMUB's New Wall Art

By JEFF DRAPAC

"Who the hell has been printin' all over the walls," one might say when using the stairwells in the Tirey Memorial Union Building (TMUB) Link section. The wall art is not the usual graffiti found in most buildings on campus. Slowly and meticulously these stairwells have been converted into exciting and aesthetically pleasing works of art.

Thomas P. Willey, Elkhart senior majoring in illustration and photography, is responsible for the original stairwell design and painting.

"The University wanted something done that would add color and dimension to the walls, something to alleviate the drabness," Willey said.

When the construction of the Link Building was completed in December, 1972, the walls were painted a light beige. Willey has employed a design composed of four-color parallel lines on the walls which move in different directions according to the angle of the wall.

"The lines, however, will not be limited to an upward or downward movement just because that's the way the wall or stairwell happens to be," he said. "They'll be painted in a completely arbitrary fashion."

A directory will also be painted on each level indicating which series of suites are located on that floor.

The artist's experience in this type of illustrating, called directional super graphics, is one reason why Willey was commissioned to paint the walls. Between the spring semester, 1976, and fall semester, 1977 Willey and a fellow art student designed and painted super graphics in the stairwells and hallways in the Tilson Music Hall, Ouabachi grill and the TMUB pool in shades coinciding with the color scheme already present.

The idea for sprucing up the Union with super graphics came from George R. Redfearn, director of the Tirey Memorial Union Center. He inquired at the Department of Art about students who would be willing to do the work at a price agreeable to the artists and the University. When Willey and the University reached an agreement, he provided sketches along with his rough and final designs. These were presented to Redfearn and to the business office and were approved.

In addition to payment the University also provides all oil base paint and materials the artist needs.

"Doing the Link Building stairwells is proving to be much more exciting and challenging than the previous work I was involved with as this is an individual effort," said Willey.

COUNTRY STYLE LIVING

I Remember

By

Freda J. McLain

"But Dad, I'm probably the only girl in the whole school who goes to school smelling like cows!" I didn't really, but I felt like it.

That was when I was a sophomore in high school. I was raised on a farm in Vermillion County about 40 miles north of Terre Haute. Mom and Dad had three children in three years and another five years later. We all loved the farm.

In the winter I used to go with my brother, Mack, down the lane to check steel traps he had set. Often he'd catch a rabbit and Mom would fix rabbit, biscuits and gravy for supper.

One morning he caught two skunks in the same trap. The smell was awful! I stayed away for a few days after that.

Mack took me hunting with him. I didn't carry a gun (I didn't know anything about them) but I loved walking in the woods. In the fall we went squirrel hunting. I love the woods that time of year but I couldn't be quiet enough. Mack was always saying, "Be quiet. You'll scare the squirrels. Stand right here and don't move."

In the winter, rabbit season, we bundled up warm and took Sam, Mack's beagle, to hunt. Then I had to hold rabbit legs while he cleaned his catch.

If we got up early enough in the morning we could straddle the cows before they stood up and ride them into the barn. Mack's favorite was a Holstein named Star because she had a white star on her forehead. Most of the time Dad, Mom and I each milked two cows and Mack milked three. He was the fastest milker around.

There were always lots of cats in the barn to keep mice out of the feed. While we milked Mack and I sometimes tried to squirt milk into their mouths. We got to be pretty good shots after awhile.

We always had some ponies and a horse on the farm. When we were small we had a burro, Chico; she didn't like to be ridden. All three of us would climb on her at the same time. It

didn't take her long to find a fence post or the corner of a building to scrape us off. And if that didn't work she turned around in a circle three times, sat down and refused to get up.

Some days my brother and I rode a mile down the road and picked up a neighbor boy. Then we all went back home, Donnie and I riding double on my horse, and had horse races in our lane. When the horses got tired, we'd sit on the edge of the big stone water tank while they rested.



Our entire family went for walks in the woods to gather nuts or to hunt for mushrooms. My sister and I used to walk down the lane to a pasture just to sit and talk. If it was warm we waded in the creek or just sat under a tree.

My favorite place on the farm was a patch of evergreen trees we all helped plant. When I was lonely or just wanted to be by myself, I went there and sat under those trees. There was a special place where the trees made a roof and the needles made a floor. In there I was alone. I could read or just sit and enjoy nature.

Dad and I finally came to an agreement about the milking situation. If I would get up and make biscuits for his breakfast every morning, he would milk my cows. (Maybe by then we didn't have so many and I was only milking one.) Anyway, biscuit flour is easier to wash off than cows.

I still make pretty good biscuits. -#-

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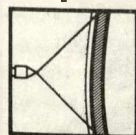
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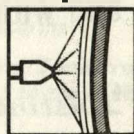
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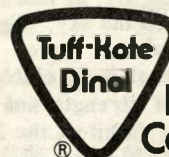
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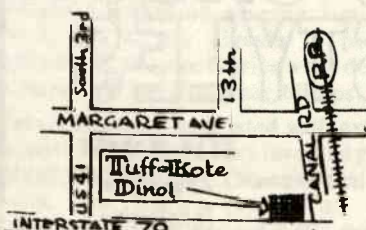
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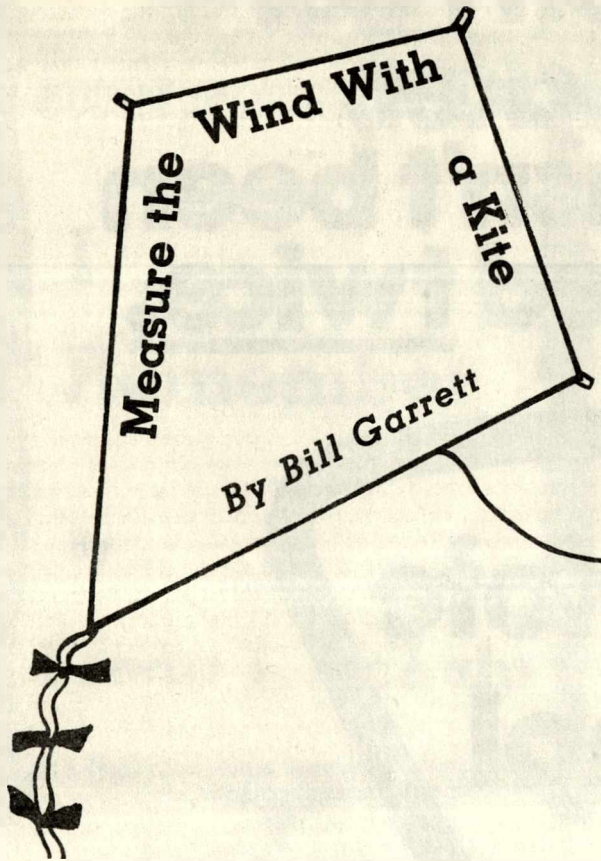
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Imagine a brilliant blue sky, white small billowing clouds and a gentle breeze.

A small 27-year old man stands on the grass. Above his head is a boat-shaped kite, sailing in the wind tethered by an invisible string.

Dan Sprague, a Paris, Ill., x-ray technician, enjoys painting the sky with his kites.

Sprague began flying kites when he was a young boy using brightly-colored cloth from his mother's rag box.

"I've always liked flying objects. With a little work, imagination and planning you can build a kite of your own. Once it flies you get a sense of accomplishment," Sprague said.

Kite flying is an ancient art, he noted, "Man has always searched for ways to touch the sky," Sprague said. In many countries, the word kite means eagle.

In Japanese families, each male child is presented a carp kite which is a symbol of strength and virility. Simply by mastering the art of flying the kites, the Japanese believe the boy will grow strong, like his kite.

Ancient Asian farmers used kites as meteorological devices. By flying the kite high in the sky the ancient weathermen could detect shifts in the wind. By placing noisemakers on the tail of the kite the farmers could 'hear' a wind shift.

Besides serving a practical purpose, kites are also convenient craft items, Sprague said. "For me making kites is a way to express my feelings. It's very relaxing and doesn't take much mental power. Sometime I can just feel my troubles going up the string into the sky," he observed.

Sprague said it is surprising the great variety of professional people who fly kites for enjoyment.

"On any given day I find doctors, dentists or lawyers attempting to catch the wind with their kites," he said.

"It's not going to turn into the nation's favorite pastime,"

Sprague said, "It's growing yearly as people discover they can fly kites anytime."

Sprague said the kite industry has grown to a \$70 million industry in the United States.

If flyers aren't buying their kites they are designing and building them at home. "It's relatively simple," Sprague said. "It take some simple material."

Sprague suggests a prospective flyer should build his kite from tybix or mylar, a fibrous plastic, resistant to tearing in even gusty winds. "A kite should be only as big as the flyer can control," he advised. "The more sail area a kite has the heavier the kite. The heavier the kite is, the more difficult it is to sail," he said.

As a rule Sprague said a kite flyer's string should be twice as heavy as actually needed. Gloves should also be worn, he noted, to avoid painful burns and cuts on a flyer's hands.

"The best type or 'string' is 60 pound line," he noted, is the danger the line may move so fast once the kite is in the wind, the string might burn through the flyer's gloves. Regular string might break, he said.

After making a kite there are plenty of opportunities for the flyer to display the work.

In several sections of the country kite tournaments are scheduled frequently in the spring.

Kite competition is divided into classes according to size. Awards are given to individuals who can fly their kites the highest in a specific unit length of time. Prizes are also awarded to kite flyers for the most elaborate and best homemade kite.

"In the many years I've been flying kites I must have made over 300 kites," Sprague said. "Each of the kites differ in design and weight. If I loose one it's like losing a good friend."

Sprague recently completed work on a delta plane kite with

Continued on Page 27

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Future World of Textiles!

By

Barbara Norris

"We can even weave in three dimensions," said Sara Jean Ponder, Consumer Relations Specialist for West Point Pepperell textile company, West Point, Georgia. "Someday it might be that everyone owns one or two three-dimensional suits (they will be expensive), that will be thermostatically controlled, somewhat like the astronauts' space suits. So when you get too hot or too cold all you'll have to do is adjust the temperature on the suit."

Ponder was one of six speakers who participated last fall in "Fabric and Fashion Fiesta" presented by Indiana Home Economists in Business in Indianapolis. Thirty-seven ISU Home Ec students and faculty attended the seminar.

Following the theme "Today's Textiles for Tomorrow's World" Ponder discussed the varied aspects of the textiles industry that aren't apparent to the public.

She had a very large suitcase of fabric swatches, some very valuable samples of advanced technology in the space program, examples of the many fantastic, almost unbelievable fibers and fabrics manufactured.

West Point Pepperell has played an important roll in the space program. Its technicians have developed fabric that protects radar equipment on the Telstar satellite. It is tough enough to withstand adverse weather conditions in outer space, yet allows signals to pass through it. Similar lightweight, durable fabrics were developed by Pepperell for balloons and the Goodyear blimps.

More closely associated with astronauts in outer space, Pepperell engineers have invented graphite fabric and teflon-coated "beta-glass" (Nomex) that are highly resistant to flame. The fabrics protect the space capsule through temperatures that exceed 5,000 degrees when it enters the earth's atmosphere.

Astronauts' suits are constructed of 19 layers of Nomex with a layer of 100 percent cotton next to the skin for comfort.

Many fabrics have been developed to aid the military, too. There were 14,000 types used in the Vietnam War. One of them was so strong that bridges could be fabricated that would support 20-ton trucks. The bridges could be opened and used when needed and folded for easy storage when not in use.

Ponder also talked about fabrics used by average Americans. She explained that Pepperell makes denim to appeal to three groups of people. One group is children (and their mothers). They make denim for nationally advertised children's jeans. The fabric is a blend of cotton, polyester and nylon that affords great strength, a necessity in clothing for active children.

The second group is teenagers and young adults. "They demand 100 percent cotton denim because it is soft," Ponder said. "We used to guarantee that our denim wouldn't fade. Now we have to guarantee that it will!"

The last group is the adults who wear jeans but want a neat, unwrinkled look. They prefer a blend of cotton and polyester. The blends are permanent-press--easy to keep looking nice.

Martex linens are also a part of Pepperell's industry. "In one of my talks," said Ponder, "I give a fashion show of all the clothes you can make with sheets--even a wedding dress!"

The first to introduce color to bath towels, Pepperell now boasts 850 yard-dyed colors and 1,000 piece-dyed colors.

Ponder pulled from her bulging suitcase seven towels. Each one demonstrated a step in screen printing design by applying one color at a time. The final exhibit was a beautiful seashell design in rust, orange, brown, yellow and green.

Pepperell also supplies the market with yard goods, Ponder said Americans spend two billion dollars on fabrics and one billion dollars on notions and trims a year. Five out of seven American teenage girls sew their own clothes, she said.

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Take A Hike!

By Pamela A. Nolan

Ready to exercise your leg muscles on one of Indiana's most scenic trails? Then you're ready to walk the sixteen mile Hindostan Falls Trail in Martin County, a trail abounding with aesthetic and panoramic views of this southwestern Indiana county.

Prospective hikers have the choice of two starting points, Loogootee or Shoals.

In Loogootee a wooden trail sign at the corner of North Line and East Main Streets starts the hiker on his way. The way is marked by yellow wooden diamond shaped signs with black corners.

First landmark is the old brick kilns of the Loogootee Clay Products Company to the left of the trail, brick walls sagging under the weight of 10 year's abandonment. Roofs of several kilns have long since collapsed.

Mace Lawhead, who started the plant in 1844, is believed to have constructed the second brick kiln in Indiana at this location.

Over the years the plant exchanged hands until it was organized as the Loogootee Clay Products on July 2, 1946. In 1964 a subsidiary, Hoosier Mulch Corporation, was formed to process the plant's waste products.

The corporation's finances, however, were quickly toppling so that by 1966 and 1967 the company owed more than it could ever pay back to the Small Business Administration (SBA). The Loogootee Clay Products went bankrupt and SBA took over the 43-acre brickyard.

After nearly 10 years of SBA ownership, in which the yards went to ruin, the Loogootee Chamber of Commerce delivered an ultimatum: either clean up the yards or allow the Chamber of Commerce to have it. The SBA relinquished the land deed to the city of Loogootee for \$1,000.

Now the city is petitioning the State Department of Commerce for funds to clean up the yards; and when cleaned up, they might draw a new industry to the site, or so hope

Chamber of Commerce members. Two prospects are the Red Door Industries, employing the physically handicapped, and a private mulch company.

The trail first crosses Boggs Creek, named for an early settler, William Boggs, whose family was massacred by the Indians about 1812. The trace then crosses Highway 50.

The trail heads south on a country road to a "T" in the road. Make a right here, cross the bridge and at the next "T" make another right. This is the approach to Highway 550.

At the highway the trail turns left. By taking a slight detour to the right, then the first left, hikers see the site of the old town of Mount Pleasant, the second county seat of Martin County.

Don't miss the stagecoach stop called the Routt House.

Native clay went into the walls and yellow poplar into the frame of the two-story brick home built by Lewis Brooks in 1832.

Lewis sold his home, originally called Wildwoods, to his brother, Thomas Jefferson Brooks, and relocated in New Albany in 1835.

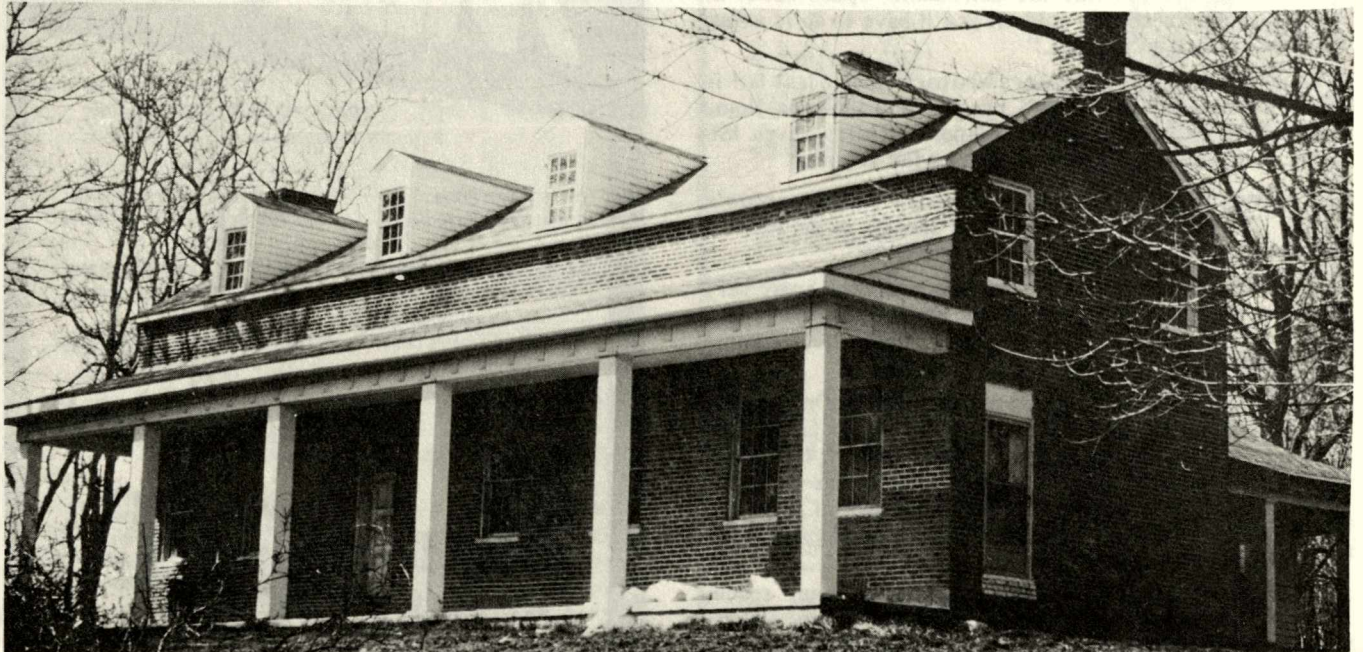
In 1837 Thomas moved to a farm approximately a mile from Mount Pleasant. The structure was then purchased for use as a tavern.

When the railroad came through three miles northwest of Mount Pleasant at neighboring Loogootee in 1857, the stagecoach lost importance and passengers.

George V. Routt acquired the building on October 1, 1860, and the home has since remained in the possession of the Routt family.

Across from the majestic mansion is the vacant hill where a courthouse, jail and a Catholic Church were located previously.

Returning to trail the hiker crosses White River at a high, narrow and dangerous one-lane bridge called the Houghton Bridge.



A southern Indiana version of Washington's Mount Vernon was built in 1835 and remodeled in 1947. (Photo by Rachel E. Rich)

Up ahead the trail passes by a house bearing the same name as the bridge.

The stately Houghton House, one mile east of Mount Pleasant, was built atop a hill by Aaron Houghton in 1835.

A wide front porch supported by six hand-carved white Doric columns lends a touch of majesty to the two-story brick home. Originally 11 columns held up the roof, but five were removed when the home was remodeled in 1947.

George Washington would have felt at home in this replica of his own house, often referred to as "The Mount Vernon of the West."

Remodeling is once again underway at the home, but the breath-taking effect of Evergreen Hill, as that house on the hill is now called, still remains.

Highway 550 leads you to a state marker briefly explaining the tragic plague of the early 1820's which destroyed the village of Hindostan. The marker, however, is not located on the site of the village. To observe the trail's namesake, Hindostan Falls, the hiker must proceed to his right for six-tenths of a mile.

The falls, a seven-foot drop which is 429 feet across, derived its name from the community by the same name which once thrived on the adjacent eastern river bank.

In May, 1819, only three years after the state of Indiana was established, eight speculators pooled their resources to lay out a town. The oldest speculator was awarded the honor of naming the new settlement. Having lived in India for years, he decided to call it Hindostan.

Appearances are deceiving. For although the name looks as if it would be pronounced 'hin-due-stan,' it actually is pronounced 'hin-daw-stan.'

On February 1, 1820, Martin County was established and since Hindostan was the only town, it became the first county seat.

The community quickly grew until nearly 200 families had settled within the first year. Nearly all occupations were represented from store owners and tavern keepers to wagon makers and carpenters. But there was no doctor, a shortage the townspeople would fully lament later.

A plague hit the village killing approximately one half of the 1,200 residents. The survivors got out quickly and migrated 2 1/2 miles north of Hindostan on the west side of the river at Mount Pleasant. The seat of government moved with the citizenry.

A great many questions were left unanswered concerning Hindostan's abandonment. What type of disease, the cause of the plague and even what year it actually occurred have all been left a mystery.

Hindostan's plague was to be a tragedy of Vincennes, Salem and many other Indiana and Illinois towns which recorded epidemics of one sort or another during the 1820's or 1830's. All these towns suffered including Hindostan, but they survived. Hindostan didn't.

One cause of the disease was attributed to the dryness of the summer of 1820, when the river ran low. The growth of weeds in the river bed, however, continued.

The townsmen had the weeds cut down believing that the swift current below the falls would carry the debris away. It didn't.

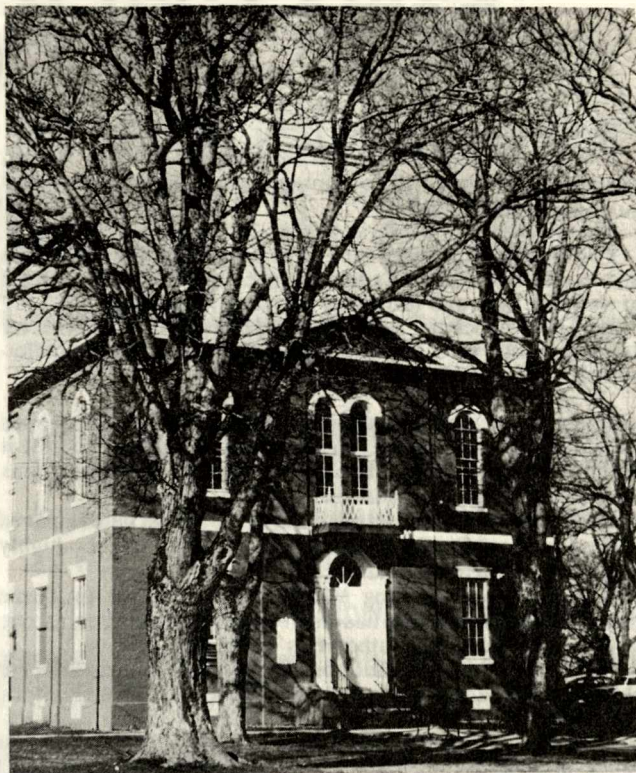
The decaying weeds collected at one side of the river near the town. Disease could have readily developed from this mass of rotting vegetation.

The State Department of Conservation bought the ground, nearly 140 acres, on March 10, 1958, and developed it into the Hindostan Falls State Fishing Area.

And today, nearly 150 years after the plague, all that remains of Hindostan are borings made for the foundations of a dam and the cemetery where the plague's victims were buried in unmarked common graves. These are on the wooded knoll north of the original site, now part of the property of a local farmer.

It has been rumored for years that the village will one day be reconstructed.

According to Dennis Vogler, a member of the Loogootee Chamber of Commerce, the state, as the present owner, would



Martin County Courthouse

have to bear the costs of any reconstruction process. If the county wanted to undertake such a project, it would have to get a 99-year lease on the land from the state. Then aid would have to come from the federal government to help finance the rebuilding of the village.

Leaving the falls, the trail winds over the Hindostan Falls Road to the Brooks Bridge Road. Following Highway 550 again, the trail leads past Spout Springs.

At the base of Gormerly's Bluffs or Beaver Bend flows the sparkling-clear water of Spout Springs. The bluffs, unfortunately, are not as clear. The soft sandstone has been unmercifully carved up with names, initials and social comments throughout the years.

A vacation guide recently published by the Indiana Department of Commerce reported 38 species of trees and 19 species of shrubs and vines located in the Beaver Bend area. The department included among local noteworthy tree measurements a sycamore measuring 42 inches in diameter, a silver maple 31 inches around and a pignut hickory 28 inches in diameter.

When hikers reach Shoals the trail leads across a bridge to the west, then bears to the left on Capitol Avenue in front of the jail and courthouse.

Martin County holds the record in Indiana for the most county seat changes. Eight previous towns and three other structures were used before the permanent courthouse was built at Shoals in 1876. The building was remodeled in 1956. Recently the red brick structure has been painted gray.

The building's main feature is an iron circular stairway which winds its way from the clerk's office to the judge's chambers.

The courtyard out front is best remembered for the Archer hangings. The Archer Gang was a family of outlaws that terrorized Martin County. When three of its members were captured in 1886, a lynch mob had them hanged. Two of the maple trees used in the hangings bear signs designating them as the Archer trees.

The trail leads over a hill where it joins Highway 50. A short distance to the right is a massive sandstone formation called the Jug Rock.

Continued on Page 23

Some Call It Bellydancing

By MARTIN JASICKI

Bellydancing!

Finger cymbals rhythmically jingling. Colorful, flowing garments. Satin scarf. The fluid motion. Behind the veil that curious, inviting smile.

The beauty!

For thousands of years men have been dropping their jaws and swallowing stogies as women gracefully introduce the art of swaying hips and fluttering stomach muscles.

But bellydancing, says Terre Haute dance instructor Jeannie Sabb, is a lot more than the nightclub, hootchy-kootchy turn on for men.

"It is an art!"

The popular term bellydancing, Sabb added, is sometimes misused and misleading. Dance authorities prefer to call it Middle Eastern dance because of the distasteful items bellydancing has been associated with.

"But whatever you call it, the dance should not be compared to the American Go-Go or disco. It is more like ballet--highly artistic, folkloric and classical."

Sabb has been teaching Middle Eastern dance in Terre Haute for four years. She has established a reputation as one of this area's leading authorities of the art.

"I enjoy teaching the dance because it is both mentally and physically rewarding. It is a great form of exercise that offers therapeutic value too."

Tara McPeck, one of Jeannie's beginning students, says the dance is good exercise and a mind relaxer.

"You can really get into the music. It clears my head, and as I dance I don't hear the honking and scraping of Terre Haute."

Sabb stresses the advantages of her YWCA dance course to newcomers who are "usually curious and can't wait to see what bellydancing is all about."

"Women can learn to firm and tone their muscles, release their emotions, get in touch with their personalities, and

awaken their imaginations through the dance," she said. "If you are calorie conscious, tired of the same old boring situps and deep knee bends, or if you're just interested in the dance costumes, musical instruments, or culture, Middle Eastern dance is for you."

In March the instructor brought her eight-week course to Indiana State University. The weekly one-hour sessions are taught to beginning, intermediate or advanced dancers.

Sabb noted that during her teaching career she has had a wide variety of students, including a 75-year-old woman who was good enough to perform the dance publicly.

"There is really no age limit. Currently I'm teaching it to some of my young relatives."

And men perform Middle Eastern dance too. "They are frequently needed in the folkloric dances which usually tell a story about the Arab culture. However, even though I am qualified, I do not teach the male dances simply because I'm just too busy teaching the women," she said.

Besides, folkloric, there are basically two other bellydancing styles--cabaret and classical.

Western society is most familiar with the exotic, two-piece costume, cabaret style of harem girl types who dance before shieks on television and in practically all of Cecil B. DeMille films. Classical bellydancing entails a little cabaret but is much more soft and graceful. It is the most ballet-like of the three dance types.

Sabb says she grew up with Middle Eastern dance. "It starts in the household. We all perform the different dances."

During a performance at the Honey Creek Mall her sister, Janet, and her cousin, Danny Tanoos, along with her students helped introduce the folkloric dances to about 150 curious bystanders.

Bellydancing has been called everything from the epitome of vulgarity to the human body's highest form of art. But for Jeannie Sabb and her Middle Eastern dance advocates it is just plain fun. --#-

Hang Gliding: Freedom Takes Control

By WANDA BURDINE

You have the grace of a bird. Your hang glider is swooping and diving with the sun shining brilliantly upon the water below and the breeze bristling past hardly seen below in the trees. Freedom takes control of your mind and you unite with nature--a nature never known before of sky and clouds and air.

"Hang gliding," Jean Zeabart, "Begins with class-type training to learn wind velocities, body maneuvers, and how to control a kite."

Zeabart is a certified hang gliding instructor and ISU freshman. She received her certification in Aspen.

Zeabart said there are basic safety rules for gliding:

1. Do not be afraid of heights.
2. Always wear a helmet.
3. Check the elastic safety strap well.
4. Look for any kite tears.
5. Must know wind velocity.
6. Check metal frame for sturdiness.

"A hang glider must be knowledgeable...if not, it's like a pilot flying an airplane and not knowing how to land it. you'll go right into a cliff, and you'll kill yourself," Zeabart said.

Most hang gliders start on small sand dunes for the beginning seven to 10 jumps and then progress to cliffs.

"To take off, simply run off a cliff. If there is a heavy wind, approach at a parallel or side angle to the cliff," Zeabart said, "Or, if there is no wind, don't go...you will kill yourself by jumping off a cliff." She explained if there is too much wind, a

hang glider would remain stuck in an air pocket, which is very tiring.

"Maneuvering a kite is like driving a car--more or less," Zeabart said. To go upward, move the body pressure backward. To go down, move it forward. To turn to the right, bear slightly to the right. To go left, bear left.

She said swooping is a more difficult maneuver used at high altitudes. A hang glider would slowly move to push forward and tilt the kite at the same time; the glider should move his/her feet left to right. The right wing should swoop downward very slightly.

Nose dives, Zeabart said, are primarily used when a glider is tired and has become stationary in an air pocket. She said elevation of the hang glider's feet above the head would help the wind catch the front of the kite and force it downward. Hopefully a nose dive will land in soft sand or water.

"In stagnant or dead air a glider will only last 10 minutes before tiring," Zeabart said, "But in a level wind the glider will stay for an hour. An average flight is a half-hour."

Zeabart said the best clothing is a warm-up suit, or material to retain body heat because the temperature drops with the wind.

Zeabart said a kite would cost \$700 to \$900 custom-made. Training for the \$200 to \$250 course ranges from three to six weeks.

The best places to hang glide are beaches or mountains, Zeabart said. --#-

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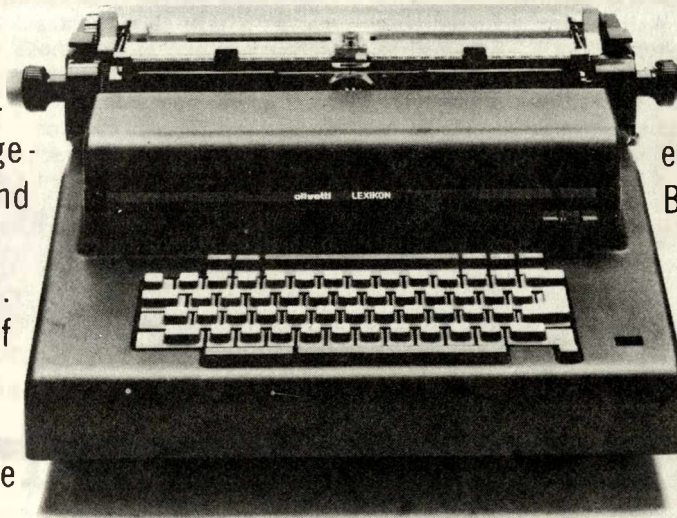
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Book Review

By KATHLEEN CLANCEY

THE FIVE-MILLION DOLLAR WOMAN: BARBARA WALTERS. by Ellen Kay; Manor Books. 192 pps. 1976. \$1.75.

"I'm not everyone's cup of tea" Barbara Walters says defensively in almost every interview. "It was just time to climb a new mountain."

Author Ellen Kay does an excellent job trying to promote a positive opinion of America's first television anchorwoman. Kay begins with the harassment Walters was afflicted with right from the first mention of her new ABC five-million dollar contract.

Then she backtracks to Barbara's birth, two years into the depression, which was hard on almost every family including hers, until her father, Lou's, nightclub began to rolling. With a "Latin Quarters" in New York City Lou decided another would be attractive in Miami, and so the family moved to Florida.

Barbara recalls that her youthful years on Biscayne Island were sometimes "the best and the worst of her life." She remembers all the loneliness she experienced on the island while her parents were at the club. There were the times when she, too, was at the club meeting people like the Marx brothers, Joseph P. Kennedy and Howard Hughes. It was here where she discovered that "celebrities are people. They have their own problems too." Little did she know then that this would be a tremendous asset to her career.

After years of scriptwriting Barbara began work for the "Today Show" in 1964. Here she earned the public reputation of being an "aggressive and pushy" reporter and interviewer, for asking people such as Mamie Eisenhower "Are you aware about the rumors about yourself?" People thought Barbara asked Mamie Eisenhower about being an alcoholic.

The abuse Barbara received from that question wasn't any worse than the time she asked Mrs. Lady Bird Johnson about Lyndon Johnson being a "LADIES' MAN." Barbara felt she asked the questions viewers are interested in.

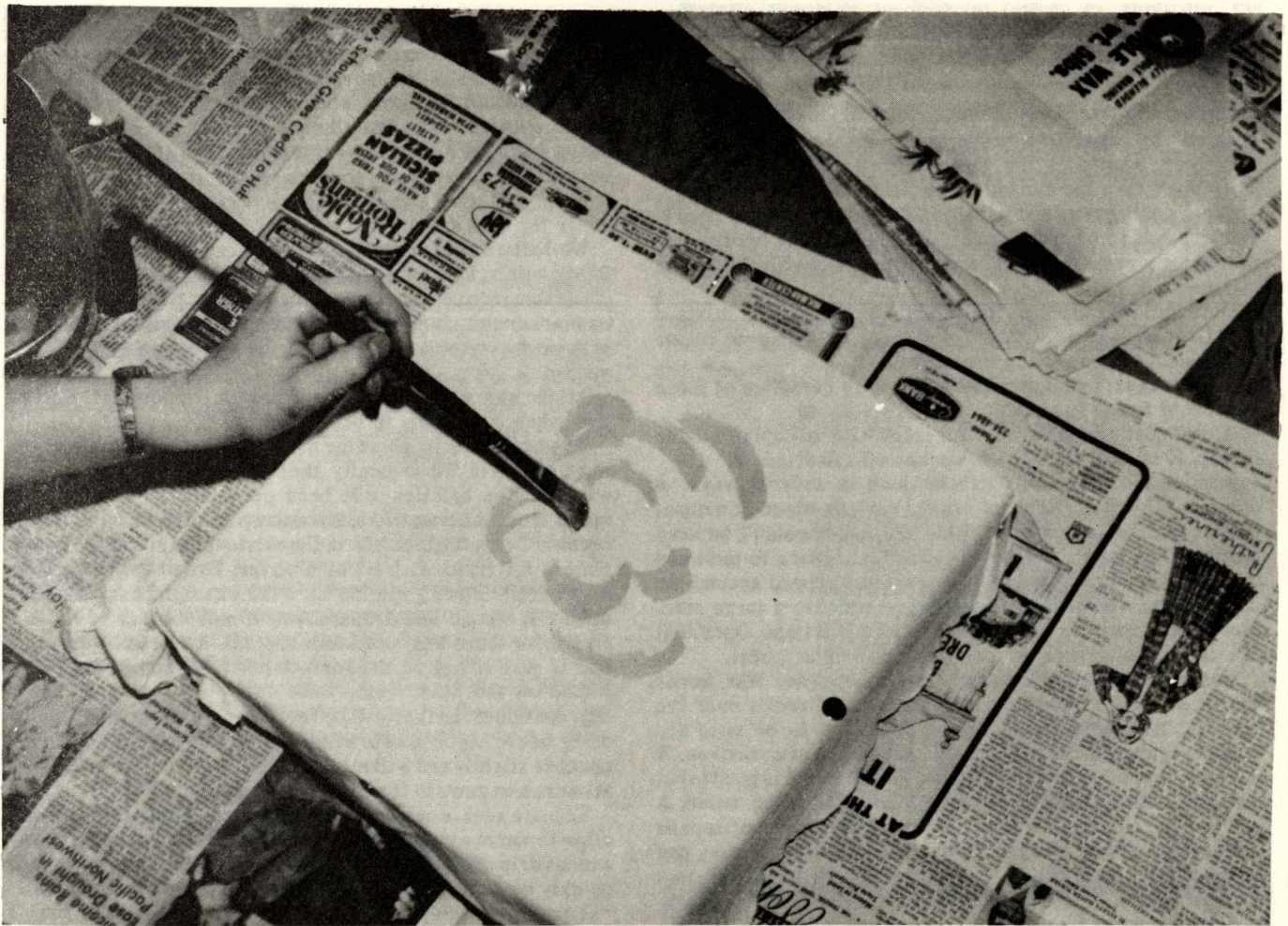
The key to Barbara's success was that she did her homework! Even as the limousine drove her to the show at 5:30 a.m. "she has her eye out for a good story--in the best tradition of journalism."

Barbara wanted to be known as an interviewer-journalist not as a talk show hostess! She also realized that her detractors are mostly those who know her only by her reputation because she also receives many testimonies of her skill and compassion.

She says "I'm not everyone's cup of tea" but when she sat in for Johnny Carson she received the highest one-shot rating that any guest ever received. On her last day for NBC, after all the "carnival-like" bad publicity about her, she strolled through the streets in New York City and no one noticed her!



Everyone goes to
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The batik fabric should have a transparent appearance when the wax is hot enough and applied correctly.

Batik in a Week

By BARBARA NORRIS

Hundreds of years ago in ancient Indonesia man decided there was a need for decoration and symbolism in his apparel. So he developed a technique for creating beautiful and intricate designs on his turbans and sarongs. He called it batik.

Batik (pronounced ba-teek), which means wax writing, is a resist technique. The process involves application of a resist to a natural fiber fabric. The fabric is dyed, and the resisted areas repel the dye, creating a two-tone effect. The process can end there, or it may be continued, resisting and dyeing until a desired design is achieved.

In Java, where it has flourished for centuries, batik is a major industry. Javanese rigidly follow traditional methods of batik, though the technique has been modernized and simplified. They may spend a month or more on one batik, creating detailed designs with tools that make very thin, controlled lines of the resist (tjantings), or stamp the resist in a definite pattern (tjaps).

Westernized methods of batik have made it possible to batik with readily available materials, and to complete multi-colored works in a week, a few days, or even a few hours if the design is simple and requires only one dyeing.

The traditional, and maybe the most popular resist used is molten wax. A combination of beeswax and paraffin is melted

until liquid and applied to the fabric. The wax hardens when cooled. Resists such as resins and pastes are also used; but these are water soluble and require that the dye be applied directly to the fabric.

The wax resist lends several advantages. The waxed fabric can be immersed in a cold-dye bath. This is quick, and is great for groups when an assembly line process is necessary.

A crackling or veining effect is possible with the wax resist. Prior to the final dyeing, the fabric is crumpled so that the wax cracks. The dye, which is customarily a very deep hue, or black, penetrates the cracks and unifies the work with color.

Conversely, cracking can easily be controlled or eliminated if a smooth, solid design is desired. The more paraffin in the molten wax mixture, the harder it will be when it cools, and the easier to crackle. The more beeswax, the softer the cooled wax will be. A good rule to follow is 1/3 beeswax to 2/3 paraffin. It affords some crackling and veining if crushed, yet will remain smooth if kept flat.

All the following materials for the modernized batik method are readily available:

The fabric must be 100% natural fiber content. This includes cotton, silk, and wool. The best bet for a beginner is cotton. Muslin, bleached or unbleached, drill, or huck

Continued on Page 22

Batik in a Week

Continued from Page 21

towelling are excellent choices. Special textures can be created by experimentation with cotton corduroy or velveteen. Synthetics and blends aren't suitable for batik. They don't take the dye uniformly, if at all.

Blocks of beeswax and paraffin are available at hardware, grocery, and some craft stores. They are easily broken into pieces for measurement of correct proportions for the molten mixture.

Household dyes such as Rit and Putnam are easy to mix and use. Grocery and drug stores sell these dyes in powders or super-easy-to-use liquid concentrates.

The necessary equipment for batik is compiled of these household finds:

A charcoal pencil is best for sketching a design on the fabric. It is easy to see, yet washes off effortlessly.

Application of the wax can be done in several ways. A common utensil is the paint brush. Various sizes of natural bristle brushes are handy. Nylon brushes shouldn't be used because the heat of the wax will cause the bristles to melt and curl. For large areas to be waxed, burlap wrapped around the end of a towel rod makes an inexpensive brush in a large size. Metal cookie cutters can be used as makeshift tjaps. Ones that are at least one inch tall and have a handle are best.

Essential to wax batik is a heat source. Wax burns easily, so shouldn't be placed in a container directly over the heat. A double-boiler should be used (not to be used for cooking again), or one of the many reasonable alternatives. A popcorn popper with a concealed heating element is good to put water in, with the wax in a one pound coffee can in the water. A similar effect is made with an electric skillet. Old muffin pans holding wax fit well into the water-filled skillet. A heavy pan on an old hot plate can hold the water which heats the wax inside the can.

Some batikers like to stretch the fabric over a wooden frame to apply the wax, others just hold it in their hands (being careful not to expose bare skin to the molten wax, which can burn). Another way is to lay the fabric on old newspapers and peel it off from time to time. Newspapers, essential to cover all work surfaces, should be at least two weeks old to insure that the newsprint will be dry and won't transfer to the waxed fabric.

Containers for the dye baths should be proportioned according to the size of the project. Fabric must not be crowded or the dye will settle unevenly over it. Plastic, enamel, or stainless steel dishpans, kettles, or tubs, are suitable for small and medium-sized articles. Large pieces of fabric can be dyed in an old bath tub or a child's plastic wading pool.

Dyeing can be a messy process, but doesn't have to be. Plenty of newspapers under and around the dye bath catch spills while rubber gloves and apron protect skin and clothing.

An old but workable iron, paper towels, and lots of newspapers are necessary for removal of the wax. The batik is placed between layers of the papers and the hot iron is moved slowly across the top layer. The papers absorb the wax and need to be changed frequently. Ironing doesn't remove all the wax, but for some articles such as wall hangings, pillow covers and lamp shades, the stiffness the wax gives is desirable. To remove all wax, dry clean the fabric.

The ensuing steps are simplified adaptations of the traditional Javanese technique of "wax writing":

Have a design in mind. It can be free-hand, abstract, graphic, or realistic. Consider the equipment available (brushes, etc.) and design according to their advantages and limitations.

The fabric must be washed in hot, soapy water, rinsed well,

and completely dried before beginning to apply the wax. This removes any finishes or sizing that might hinder waxing and dyeing, as well as pre-shrink the fabric.

Care should be taken when melting the wax. To avoid smoking and burning, place the wax in a coffee can or a small, heavy pot in a pan of water over medium heat. If the heat cannot be controlled, as with the popcorn popper, it will be necessary to unplug the apparatus at regular intervals. An asbestos pad under the heat source is a good safety precaution.

While the wax is melting, the design can be sketched on the fabric with a charcoal pencil. Bleached muslin is great to use if a design is to be traced. Outline the design with a black felt-tip marker and place the fabric over it, anchoring the edges with weights or pins. It's easy to see through the lightweight muslin.

All the wax will be melted and have a transparent, watery look when it is ready to be applied.

To wax the fabric, place the brush to be used first in the hot wax to warm it. Subsequently, the brush shouldn't be left in the wax because bristles will bend permanently. Remove the brush from the wax and allow excess to drip from it for a second. Carry the brush from the wax to the fabric over an old plate or foil tin to catch any other drips. Brush the wax on the fabric until it is all gone. Be sure the wax has penetrated the fabric. It should look transparent. If not, the wax is not hot enough, or there was not enough applied. All areas where the wax is just sitting on the surface must be turned over and waxed on the other side. Take care not to wax over the charcoal lines, as they will be retained with the original color of the fabric. Apply wax to within 1/8 inch of the line. The wax spreads slightly and will meet the line instead of cover it. Wax all areas to remain the color of the fabric.

To use a cookie cutter, dip it into the wax about 1/2 inch and allow to warm a moment or two. Lift out of the wax and let any excess drip off. Carry to the fabric as with brushes and place quickly on it. Press down for a second or two and release.

To prepare the dye bath, dissolve powdered dye in a cup of hot water. Pour it into cool water in the dye bath container through a nylon stocking or cheesecloth to strain out undissolved particles. When dyeing small pieces in small containers, halve or quarter the amounts of dye and cool water as specified on the dye package (it will say hot water) according to the container's capacity. If a deep hue is desired, double the amount of dye. Liquid concentrates are poured directly into the cool water.

Important: When the design requires more than one dye bath, plan to begin with the lightest color and progress to the darkest or deepest hue. Dark colors overpower the lighter colors. Also remember that some colors combined with others create new colors (e.g. blue over a bright yellow will result in a greenish-blue.) Obtain a color wheel and study the results of over dyeing.

Wet the waxed fabric in cool water to make it easier to accept the dye. Submerge the fabric in the dye making sure all of it is taking the dye. Leave the fabric in the dye for 20 minutes or until it is five times darker than the desired shade. It will dry lighter. Stir frequently with a stick or an old spoon to insure even dyeing.

Remove the fabric from the dye and rinse under cool running water until the water runs clear. Gently shake the excess moisture from the fabric and lay it on several layers of newspapers to dry. A sheet of plastic beneath the papers is a good idea in case the dye soaks through. Allow the fabric to dry completely before applying or removing wax.

One dye bath is sufficient, and creates a nice two-tone effect. But many batikers like to go on with more waxing and dyeing. Repeat the waxing and dyeing processes exactly as before, making sure the fabric has dried completely before

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Book Review

By MICHELLE RUBY

STRICTLY SPEAKING. By Edwin Newman. Warner Books, Inc. 236 pp. \$1.95.

At first sight, this book does not appear particularly interesting. The jacket copy gives the impression of a boring book with difficult and hard to understand words.

In reviewing this book on the decline of English language in America, I found Edwin Newman joking about the misuse of English, but he seems to be a serious man with a long interest in the sorry state of the English language. Newman's own proper respect for the correct use of language shows on every page.

He writes in related paragraphs composed on examples taken from well known newspapers, quotations, and his own introductory material and judgments.

Of his eight chapters I think "Hopefully, Fit to Print", is the best. It shows how often redundant words and clichés are used by the printed press. He used the New York Times often to display the misuse of English. He gave an example of a New York Times story of the "successful foiling of a hijack attempt on a Russian airliner." "The story went on from there, but never told of how close Bugayev came to unsuccessfully foiling the attempt."

Take A Hike!

Continued from Page 17

For years Mother Nature worked at sculpting from one solid block of sandstone, a 60-foot high vertical piece of sandstone to balance a 20-foot horizontal slab of sandstone. Soil has settled on the top of the slab for trees and vegetation are found growing there.

Once again, many tourists could not keep their fingers or writing instruments away from the rock and have subsequently left unsightly graffiti on the stone's base.

The end is in sight for the hiker as he continues west on Highway 50 a short distance to the Shoals Overlook Park. Here while he rests from his 16-mile trek, the hiker can view below the horseshoe curve of White River as it flows through the valleys of Martin County.

If an individual would rather hike from Shoals to Loogootee, then the trail begins there for him. He should look for orange and black arrow shaped signs marking the trail in this direction.

The Hindostan Falls Trail came about when Boy Scout Troop 84, Loogootee, developed the trail which was officially opened in June, 1964.

The Scouts listed 12 trail requirements; some of which are: the trail must be hiked by groups with a competent adult leader over 21; each hiker must complete the trail in one day to qualify for the awards; all groups and individuals must be registered one week in advance with the trail committee before hiking the trail; any and all hikers may walk all or part of the trail; and, the trail should not be hiked during the flood season.

Trail mementos are available for purchase.

A bronze medal featuring a fisherman with a view of the falls in the background goes for \$2.00.

The falls, showing a tent and camp fire site along its banks, is the subject of a seven-color patch at a cost of 75 cents.

A bright gold neckerchief can be had for a dollar. A wallet-sized certificate stating that the owner has faithfully gone the entire route is offered for five cents. -#-

Strictly Speaking involves an effort to duplicate the American journalists', politicians', and broadcasters', abuse of English. It shows how words are misapplied to give a different meaning, plus the overuse of words.

"We love to pump air into the language and make it soft and gaseous," said Newman.

Newman has funny and interesting things to say about journalists, even though at times he seems to overexaggerate the use of English.

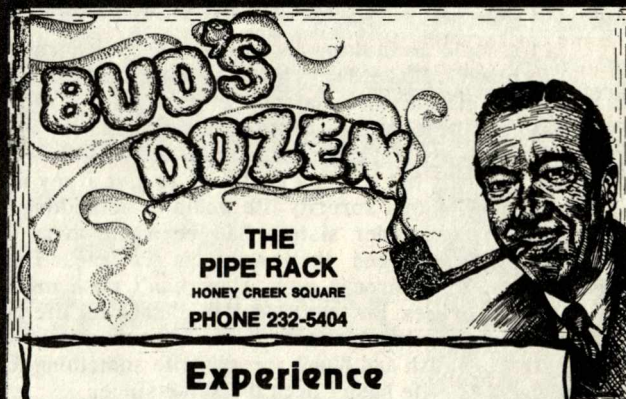
The result is both entertaining and sobering. Entertaining because of the examples given of unnecessary word activity. Sobering, because it says what needed to be said, and he spares no one in criticizing the poor way we speak and write. This gives everyone something to think about.

Strictly Speaking is a book that anyone can read for profit and pleasure. -#-

Puzzle on Page 30

Solution

H	E	R	A	W	A	R	E	C	A	T
I	R	E	M	I	N	D	S	H	I	E
P	R	E	T	E	N	D	T	R	A	D
N	O	N	E	B	I	A	S			
S	I	T	S	S	T	A	M	M	E	R
T	R	E	S	S	E	R	A	S	I	T
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L	A	P	S	O	W	E	S			
D	R	A	P	E	T	A	I	L	I	N
R	U	N	R	E	E	K	S	V	E	E
Y	E	T	S	L	A	S	H	E	W	E



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I Major in Sorority

By GAYLE BEYERS

"Doesn't your daughter graduate from college this year, Dorothy?"

"Well, she should be, but she isn't."

"Oh, did she have scholastic problems?"

"No. Gayle just couldn't decide on a major for two years. She 'majored in sorority'."

Yes, it's true. I'm in my fourth year of college and I won't be graduating. I refer to it as the "five-year plan"! It doesn't embarrass me to tell people that I won't be graduating. I could have made it through on time. But I took my time to get the most out of my college years.

I began my freshman year majoring in pre-dental hygiene. I would have attended Indiana State University for one year, after which I would have transferred to another school for two more years of education. The transfer never came. The past four years have seen me wander from pre-dental hygiene, to non-preference, to medical technology to my present (and hopefully final) major in public relations.

My sorority was the underlying reason for the changes. They weren't weekly changes, but they all came through my growing stages of the chapter.

I guess you could say that my decision to pledge a sorority was "in my blood". I have always been a very active person--in clubs and organizations, chairman of committees, etc. I have always had the faithful support and encouragement of my parents. They always taught me that it was easy to become a member of a group, but it was a challenge to give it my all.

I grew up knowing that sorority life would be something to investigate. My two older sisters had been members of different sororities when they were in college. They encouraged me to go through rush. They didn't push me to pledge their sororities. But they did tell me that Greek life had a lot to offer those who wanted it.

I did go through rush and found sorority life something for me. I pledged. My life hasn't been the same since.

Upon pledging I accepted several responsibilities expected of every member. Attending meetings, exercising my right to vote, serving on committees and accepting offices that the chapter felt most beneficial to all were just some of the responsibilities.

I seemed to be a follower my first year. I was a little apprehensive and tended to do what others did. I was still myself, but I was learning how to grow within the chapter. I didn't really know where I was going, and that is when non-pref became my major.

I learned more and more about the chapter mechanics and the history. I developed a deep and sincere sense of pride for my sisters. There were many who helped me. I studied a lot in the library with them. It was through deep respect for another sister that I changed my major to med tech, but after a semester I saw that I couldn't be like someone I admired. It wasn't the field for me.

Chapter life has provided me a variety of experiences and opportunities that will be invaluable when I leave the campus.



A display of Greek emblems emblazoned on t-shirts, caps, shorts, sox...get the attention of ISU coeds.

Leadership training, social situations, and working well with people are experiences that will be an asset to me. Chapter life has included showing concern for individual members, governing the membership, working with chapter advisers and fraternity workers, rushing prospective members, studying with and living with my sisters.

Since my pledging I have become a better leader through the offices I have held. My first office was that of Song Leader, ideal for me because I was still a follower but it had ways of involving me with the chapter. My leadership potential developed further in my sophomore year. Chapter members noticed it. I was elected president my junior year. This past year I served as Pledge Trainer. Next year I will serve as Social Chairman.

Each office has given me more insight into ways of dealing with people. Problems were faced and effective ways of solving them emerged. Mature and integral decisions were essential. All of this helped me to find my public relations major.

My sorority is not just another club or organization. It is different because I share ideals and bonds of friendship with each member. I became a member for my college years and more. I have a lifetime membership that I will defend, cherish and honor until the day I die.

Responsibility has been one of the greatest things I have learned. If I volunteered to be a chairman I had to do my job. I couldn't cast it off with the thought that I didn't have the time to get things done. I didn't just owe it to myself to accomplish the task happily and efficiently. I represented the entire chapter in the performance of the duties.

It's a sense of pride for me to say that something was

Continued on Page 30

By Cindy Fleenor

'Special Students'

"I'm not sure as yet where I am headed, but I don't want to stand still," said a 41-year-old wife and mother about continuing her education at Indiana State University (ISU).

Another ISU student, age 70, Terre Haute, said he is taking classes because he is retired. He isn't working towards a degree, just taking the classes that interest him.

There's an increasing number of students over 25-years old who have returned to ISU to continue their education. The increase seems to have taken place in the last five years. Some are working on degrees with hopes of better job positions. Others take classes for enjoyment only.

Harriet Darrow, dean of Academic Services and Special Services, said this special group of students can be divided into three groups: those between 25 and 60, over 60 and those attending night school.

The students between 26 and 60 usually return to college after getting married and raising a family. "We find more women coming to school to expand their minds, become part of a group and look toward a career," said Darrow. "Getting that degree is important," she added, "because it provides a kind of confidence."

The second group, those over 60, is smaller because a retired person usually has other interests. Some of these students take classes for enjoyment only.

Students enrolled in night school are of various ages, but most are taking classes to move upward in jobs, Darrow said.

Some companies and professional organizations send employees to take a class such as Inventory Control in order to improve existing inventory systems.

One thing older students have in common is that they feel they can't compete with other college students.

"Fear of a totally new environment is not the case," Darrow said, "Their fear is internal. It's their own fear that their study habits aren't good enough."

"But they can compete and very well," she said. "In fact, they are usually the 'curve breakers' in a class because of good grades."

Darrow said she thinks ISU has a great student body because "they have accepted the older students with such warmth" and they respect the effort of older students.

One woman said of ISU students, "They treat me like any other student who happens not to run up the stairs."

Whether this small but significant group of students is at ISU to get a degree, improve job positions or just to have fun, it is important to society on and off campus.

As one of the students put it, "We hold the fate of the world in our hands. We are the people who chiefly listen to the music, buy the books, attend the theater, prowl the art galleries, collect for charities, brood over the schools, converse with the children. Our minds need to be rich and flexible." -#-

In 1922....

...the Sycamores downed the Rose Poly Engineers 31-22 to win the city championship in basketball.

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Markle House: *Historic Howes (T.H.)* Underground Railroad to Social Center

By CRAIG MCKEE

The two-story house at the corner of Park Avenue and the Old Rockville Road in Terre Haute served as a station on the Underground Railroad, as a lodge for weary travelers of the stagecoach era, as a militia training ground for the men too old for active duty in the Civil War and as a community social center. For 129 years it has been the site for a flurry of civic activity of historical import.

Soon that house will again open to the public but not as a lodge or as a training camp.

The Vigo County Historical Society recently purchased the Markle House.

The Markles were one of the earliest families to settle in the Vigo County area. Major Abraham Markle brought his family to Fort Harrison, a U.S. Army encampment just northwest of Terre Haute and present-day site of the Terre Haute Elks Lodge, in 1816 and bought tracts of land in the northeast part of the county along Otter Creek.

The site, Markle's dream, would be a perfect location for a grist mill and his family's new home.

Markle's son, Frederick, inherited the family business and proceeded to make a luxurious addition--a house to be built across the street from the mill. For that era it was an expensive operation, according to Mrs. Dorothy Clark, Wabash Valley historian.

The house was occupied by Frederick and his family (including nine sons and a daughter) in 1848 and served the family through the mid-20th century when it was sold to an outsider.

Mrs. Clark and the historical society have been anxious to purchase the house and convert it into a museum for several years but did not have the opportunity to purchase it until the owner died last year.

"The former owner was a recluse, but I managed to make friends with him. He let his family know that he would like to have the house sold to the society after he died," Mrs. Clark said. With the financial assistance of the late Anton Hulman, Jr., the historical society finally bought its coveted prize.

Mrs. Clark explained that the house served as more than a family residence when occupied by the Markles.

"The mill was the social center of any community in that era," Mrs. Clark said. "Every farmer had to come and get his grain ground and it was a meeting place for the men to gather and talk. It also had to be accessible, so travelers along the route would stop and spend the night on the second floor in a room called the 'dormitory' if the weather was bad or if they needed rest."

Not only did the men gather for conversation at the house

and mill, but it was also the "base" for what was called the "cornstalk militia."

"Many of the older men not in shape for war, but still demanding military training would use the area as a mustering ground. There weren't enough guns to go around, so many of the men were compelled to use corn stalks instead of guns for their various drills," according to Mrs. Clark.

However, the house earned its greatest distinction in the 1850s and during the Civil War as a station along the famed Underground Railroad, an effort by sympathetic Northerners to smuggle slaves from the South to freedom.

Shelton Hannig, a local contractor who assisted Mrs. Clark in early plans for renovation of the Markle House, can trace the lines along the basement wall where a tunnel once connected the house and mill.

"The tunnel was used to move the runaway slaves from the house to the mill when lawmen arrived on the scene, which often happened. The runaway slaves hid in the basement or in the tunnel and were moved out at night in a wagon carrying grain to the next station in Parke County. They weren't safe until they reached Michigan," Mrs. Clark said.

The historical society hopes to refurbish and renovate the house and organize a transportation museum. Mrs. Clark also said that a section of the museum would be devoted to Black history noting the significance of the house to slaves and freedom.

Each of the 12 rooms in the house is equipped with a fireplace. The society will have to install central heating in concealed baseboards. On the first floor are six rooms with a large central hallway. Five rooms occupy the second floor, including the "dormitory," which measures 18 x 36 feet. There were three rooms for the caretaker in an attached building. The Markle men also maintained an office at the northeast corner of the house which was accessible through a separate entrance.

The windows, porch columns and low-pitched roof reflect Markle's appreciation for the Greek-revival period in architecture, according to Mrs. Clark.

Before the house is open to the public some changes are essential. In addition to installation of central heating, a new well had to be dug (with the help of a "water witch," who found a new well 80 feet beneath the earth with a "divining rod"); it had to be insulated in the attic (double-bricking prevented the need of additional insulation); and, the windows need repair as some of them still contain original glass badly in need of replacement.

"We're hoping to make the house into a completely restored and refurnished replica of life during the middle 19th century--like it was when this area was first settled," Mrs. Clark said. -#-

Speaking Out... Comfortably!

By BOB HASTINGS

"Most people don't even realize that we exist and what we can provide. It's a shame that a school this size doesn't have more people come in for speech help," said Raymond Quist, ISU associate professor, speech language pathologist and coordinator of the Speech and Hearing Program.

Quist said that some people are not even aware that they have a problem and will not be until some other problem arises. "Take a student teacher for example. He might not

know that he has a speech problem until he actually has to get up in front of a class to teach."

"We used to have speech and hearing screening tests here (ISU)--at least in education--before students were admitted into the university," said Don Hagness, ISU associate professor and audiologist. However, during the period of campus unrest at ISU, students fought and won the battle to have the screening tests abolished.

"There is a variety of problems for which people come to

Continued on Page 30

Batik in a Week

Continued from Page 22

applying more wax. This is what sometimes requires a week to complete one project.

To obtain a cracked and veined effect with the final dye bath, rinse the fabric in extra cold water to harden the wax and crumple until the correct amount of cracking is achieved. Dye the fabric as usual. The final color used is usually a deep blue, brown, or black, and unifies the background of the entire work.

The final step is removing the wax. Place several layers of newspapers on a padded surface (an ironing board or table), with a layer or two of paper towels on top. Next put the batiked fabric on the papers and cover with the towelling and newspapers. Set the iron at wool or cotton and iron across the newspapers, pausing shortly in sections. After crossing the entire area, lift the paper and check for absorbency of the wax. Change papers when they appear translucent. Repeat until the paper shows no trace of wax.

Remove the batiked fabric from between the papers. Darkened rings will appear around areas that were waxed. If there has been extensive waxing, the whole piece of fabric may be darker and slightly translucent. The fabric will feel stiff. This is good for items such as wall hangings, lamp shades, pillow covers, dolls, etc. To remove all the wax for items such as clothing and tablecloths, dry clean the fabric. The cleaning solution dissolves the wax.

There are a few simple steps to take to care for batiks. If there is wax left in the fabric for stiffness or translucency, it will be somewhat water-repellent. Wipe it clean with a slightly damp cloth.

Fabrics that have been dry cleaned to remove the wax must always be dry cleaned. To wash it would risk running or fading of the dye.

There are so many beautiful articles to make with batik that it would be difficult to list all the possibilities, but here are a few suggestions: Wall hangings, table cloths, stuffed dolls, and clothing such as caftans, shirts, and scarves.

The possibilities are limited only by one's creative imagination. -#-

Measure the Wind - With a Kite

Continued from Page 14

two pieces of scotch tape, a manila envelope and wooden sticks. The result is impressive, Sprague believes.

For the past several months Sprague has been attempting to start a kite club in Paris. The interest is there but the problem is that most people still believe it to be a seasonal hobby, he said. "I hope the community will take an interest in kite flying," Sprague said. "I want to share enjoyment of making and flying kites. It's relaxing and peaceful." -#-

ISU in the Past

In 1917....

...Mr. William Wood Parsons (president of ISNS) married Miss Martina Erickson (former dean of ISNS) on Oct. 13. Names sound familiar?

In 1929....

...fall enrollment was 1,371.

In 1930....

...an elementary psychology class participated in a seance during the Golden Hour of Spiritualists.

In 1944....

...the first discharged servicewoman registered at Indiana State Teachers College under the G.I. Bill of Rights.

In 1937....

...a brand new class in radio broadcasting aired for the first time on Oct. 25. It began with regular programming three times weekly.

In 1956....

...winter term enrollment shot up to 2,681.

In 1965....

...in September, Alan C. Rankin began his term as president of Indiana State University.

In 1966....

...the Student Senate voted in favor of "Students for the Support of Morale of Servicemen in Viet Nam" campaign, in hopes of doing just what it says.

In 1970....

...students staged a peaceful demonstration to rally for open visitation in some dorms.

In 1971....

May 19 was slated for Malcolm X Day by the Black Student Union.



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The Paper Route:

Early Morning Madness

By JOHN W. PETTY

Knock knock. No answer. KNOCK KNOCK. Still no answer. "Hey, open up in there." Still all quiet in front of the \$30,000 brick ranch home. "Open up! I know you're home--your car engine's still warm." Silence. "You better open that damn door before I bust it down!"

"Go away, there's nobody home."

"You better come up with the money this week. My boss has just about had it."

"Come back tomorrow. I get paid tomorrow."

"Tomorrow's Sunday you jerk, let's have it right now."

Slowly a chain latch is heard sliding, a bolt is unbolted, the door opens. Wearing Haggis slacks and a Quiana shirt a man in his early Thirties stands in the doorway. Golf clubs lean against the carpeted stairway behind him. The man finally reaches for his wallet.

"Ninety cents for the paper," the boy says.

The traditional values of a paper route seem to be words and statements that would sound more natural around the turn of the century. A group of distinguished gentlemen retire to the smoking parlor after dinner and between puffs on thick cigars utter such words of wisdom as: "It's good for a boy to get out and earn his keep. It teaches the boy to accept responsibilities of his own. And it gets him out into the fresh air. But most important of all, the boy will meet people and maybe get an early drift of the business world."

These clichés are still generally true but that does not mean they are necessarily desirable. The first two statements are untouched by time, it is good for a boy to earn some of his own money and it does teach him to accept responsibilities. However, the third statement has fallen to the industrial revolution. A combination of fresh air and delivering papers in the city has long since vanished. The last statement, the most important reason for a young man's paper route still rings true. The boy will learn of the real business world. But considering the real business world, is this wise? Don't young people have enough troubles as they are growing up without having to realize what they are getting into? Are they mature enough, or for that matter is anyone really mature enough for the facts of business?

The first-hand experience with business is the education most attributed to a paper route.

Collection time provides one of the most valuable business lessons for most paperboys. The lesson has to do with credit, i.e. - the boy delivering the papers before he is actually paid for them. The time comes to knock on the door. The average ignorant customer reasons with himself. "I've already read last week's papers, why the hell should I pay for them? Hide in the bathroom, he'll go away."

After a few weeks the paperboy can retaliate by cutting off his delivery, delivering the papers through closed windows, or tucking a business card from the state credit collection agency under the rubber band.

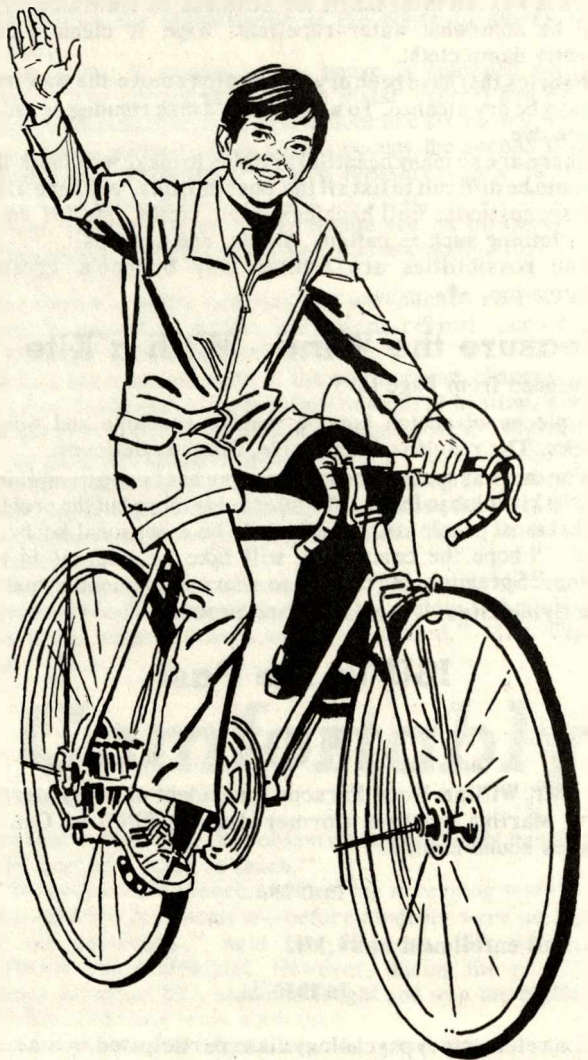
Another business lesson is the learning of adequate bookkeeping skills. A record of who has and hasn't paid for each week is, of course, necessary. But almost equally necessary are a balance sheet, an income statement, a sources and uses of funds statement, and affiliation with a certified public accountant. If a paperboy delivers 100 daily papers and is to make 15 cents a week for each paper and everyone pays up then he knows he should make 15 dollars.

However, if he delivers 76 daily papers, plus or minus an occasional addition of cancellation, at 15 cents per paper per week profit and delivers 48 Sunday papers at a profit of seven cents each and everyone's paid up except for the four or five people who still owe a few weeks and a couple of people on vacation and then that guy who moved away last month and never bothered to tell anyone. . . And the route manager, who

used to be an auditor for a company that finally got caught for never paying any income taxes, smiles at him from over the top of his calculator and tells him his bill is larger than he's even able to collect. . . then a good knowledge of accounting is quite helpful.

Like any business, customers are bound to have complaints. Some route managers discipline their paperboys by charging 25 cents for each complaint. The boy's wholesale bill, which he pays every week, is stamped in dark black ink--COMPLAINT-25¢. Hard telling where the 25 cents goes but we all have a good idea. Therefore, the route manager's need for a supplementary income is one of the chief sources of complaints. Since just about anyone can call up a route manager and give a name and address and gripe, then little friendly pranks by friends, enemies, and jealous girl friends become another source of complaints.

Last and probably least in importance, some of the complaints actually come from the customers themselves. "The paperboy drove his truck through my rose garden," COMPLAINT-25¢. "The little runt pushed a tree on top of my house during the storm this morning," COMPLAINT-25¢. "Rotten kid ran off with my wife," COMPLAINT-25¢.



A first-hand view of human nature is another priceless fringe benefit of a paper route. (That's right; it's not worth anything.) There is a whole world of interesting people for a paperboy to meet. Like the terrorized housewife who was never told that the murder-suspense novels she thrives on are fiction. If the paperboy catches her either on a brave day or during one of the less horrifying passages he may get paid. The latches unlatched, the door hurriedly opened, the crumpled dollar bill thrown out at him, and the door slammed shut. Latches latched and a sigh of relief from within the house.

The generous tip-benefactor is that unique person who has never heard of inflation and/or still believes in slave labor. He offers a ten cent tip to the paperboy if he will get off his bike and go up on the porch and put the paper under the mailbox each day and take out the trash on Monday mornings.



On each route there is a change-maker who instead of saving his pennies and nickels in the kitchen drawer shovels them off on the paperboy. With two of three of these people on their route the wise paperboy invests in a tight belt and suspenders to keep his pants up.

And best of all, the route manager. The paperboy's very first business associate. The flashing smile, the shaking hand and sign this contract which stipulates a two-week quitting notice but nothing about guaranteed pay. The route manager never bothered to learn that persons under 18 could not be bound by a contract but unfortunately neither did any of the paperboys. It seems they don't teach business law in the fourth grade. Paperboys are quick to learn that all the initial good-buddy friendship with the route manager is just a part of the job, just part of any business job.

Quite a lesson is learned from the route manager where human nature and business cross. Human nature is a squiggly line much like an S and business is straight and rigid, a solid line up and down. \$MONEY\$ \$MONEY\$ \$MONEY\$

In all fairness this article has only dealt with and destroyed some of the not-so-positive aspects of having a paper route. Paper routes are not that bad for many reasons.

Most young people enjoy getting up at four in the morning and folding papers until their hands are black with ink. There's nothing better than delivering in a cold brisk rain to wake a person up in the morning. Riding a bicycle through two feet of snow is a challenge to most. You always make the best of friends when you're trying to collect money from them. And the profit, not fantastic but adequate enough to quench a five-pack-a-day baseball cards habit.

With all this going for it, who wouldn't want the challenging and rewarding job of paperboy? -#-

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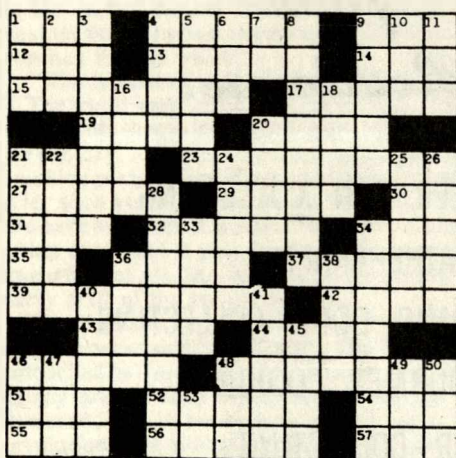
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ACROSS

1. Possessive form of "she"
4. Cognizant (of)
9. Mouse-catcher
12. Dublin's land: abbr.
13. Obeys; heeds
14. Hurry
15. Make believe
17. World — Center, NYC complex
19. Nary a person
20. Prejudice
21. Takes a chair
23. Stutters
27. Lock of hair
29. Historic periods
30. "With —," "hip"
31. Sense organ
32. Slightest
34. A Gabor
35. Play, "Dinner — Eight"
36. Red and Irish
37. Roof's edges
39. Uses up
42. Soap-and-water job
43. Circuits
44. Is indebted to
46. Curtain
48. Following closely
51. Operate
52. Stinks
54. "Peace" sign
55. Still
56. Cut drastically, as prices
57. Lamb's mother

DOWN

1. Word with "hurray!"
2. Be mistaken
3. Come in again
4. So it is!
5. Chablis and rosé
6. Also
7. Initials in a mailing address
8. Calculate approximately
9. Pursue
10. Assist
11. Golf peg
16. Mix (a salad)
18. L.A. football team
20. Wide stripes
21. Place
22. Indignant
24. Poke fun at
25. Firmly affix
26. Stow secretly
28. Unexpected winners
33. Devours
34. Roundabout
36. Open-handed blow
38. A son of Adam
40. Seedling
41. Saturates
45. Desire
46. In need of rain
47. Regret
48. Afternoon social
49. Recent
50. \$1,000: slang
53. Certain railway



Copley News Service

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Solution on Page 23

Speaking Out . . . Comfortably!

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the speech and hearing clinic, such as, aphasia (speech problems due to strokes), laryngectomy (removal of the larynx due to pathological reasons), articulation disorders, phasies (brain injury), severe hearing loss, chronic hoarseness and so on," said Quist. "The first thing we try to do is make an individual aware of what his problem is, then we get him to learn techniques of overcoming his problem."

"There are a number of different theories that are used with the different problems--especially with stuttering," said Jim Butler, Noblesville senior. "The only area I can really talk about is stuttering, because I was there--I've been through it."

Butler said that stuttering is a learned disorder in that it is both psychological and physical. "One of the main roads to success with stutterers lies in behavior modification," he said. "In behavior modification the individual learns a new response for old situation. Under stress there is a great amount of anxiety within the stutterer which sets up a circular pattern involved with the disorder. This pattern consists of stress, anxiety, the blockage (stuttering), the release of the block and anxiety, and then the cycle starts over again. Some people release the anxiety by sweating or wringing their hands for example, but the stutterer has learned to stutter."

"It's a very individual kind of thing, you have to deal with each individual. To deal with the anxiety, first I had to become aware of it--that it was there. Then, other than stutter, I had to learn to do something with my anxiety--which is the basic theory of behavior modification."

"The majority of people in speech therapy are young," said Hagness, "but most in hearing therapy are old. The ages range from the youngest at one year to the oldest at about 90 or 92. So if a person wants to come in he doesn't have to worry about age as a factor."

How does the program get people to come in?

"There is a large variety of referrals," said Hagness. "We get them from the greater Vigo County area--doctors, agencies, Medicaid, etc. The majority of the time we get referrals from on campus, such as, academic enrichment and the learning skills center."

"We get students through instructors of classes or sometimes they are referred through clinics. Only somewhere around 10 per cent of the people at the clinic are ISU students, but one-third of the stutterers are in college," said Quist.

"Something people should be aware of is that the clinic is free--whether they are in college or from the general public--and all services are confidential," he said.

"Therapy is only as good as the student wants to make it. Therapy is a gradual process, you really have to work at it--there are no instant cures," Butler said. "It's hard work, but the rewards are great." --#--

I Major in Sorority

Continued from Page 24

accomplished for the chapter with my help. A chain is only as strong as its weakest link. I don't want to be that weakest link.

There isn't any sorority that can survive if all of the members are leaders or if all of the members are followers. Many times there is reluctance to express the views. This reluctance leaves one with the failure to fill a very basic need--the need for reinforcement of our beliefs by those whose opinions matter to us.

I feel genuinely needed by others in my sorority. Someone cares about where I am going and I feel that way about others, too. I don't need to search for sisterhood--I have found it.

Sometimes school puts me down in the dumps. Classes seem so large. There are some professors who don't even know what Gayle Beyers looks like. Those professors have the key though--they have my social security number on their computer print-out. It is dehumanizing to be known only by a number to someone. My sorority has given me the self esteem I needed. They have taught me the concept of self worth. My potential lies within myself. I am unique. No one else can be me.

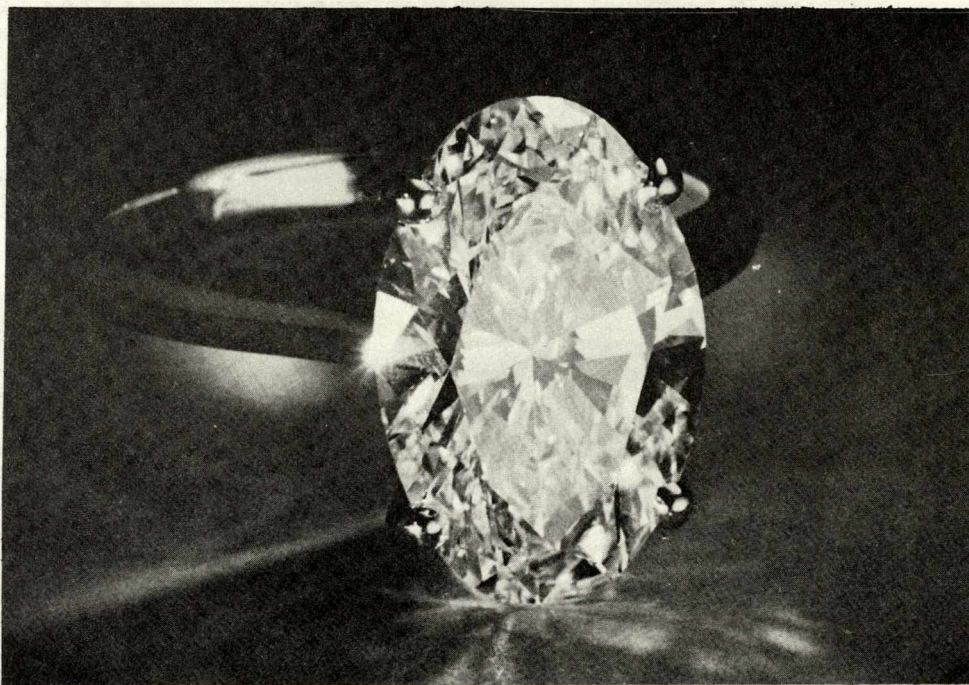
Sorority life is time consuming. There is time to study, time to go to classes, time to eat, time to sleep, time to have to yourself and even time to date. There are also expenses, but it isn't much more than you would pay out normally during your college days. Sorority life is happy, sad, everlasting, hectic, unbelievable, aggravating and livable.

Sorority life isn't for everyone. It is for those who want it.

Seems like it was just yesterday that I pledged. I can remember pledge meetings, Songfest and study sessions. There were trade parties, rush parties and chapter traditions. There were service projects, pledge dances and candlelights. There were rituals, my sorority mom and activations.

Sorority life is right for me. After I graduate it will still be there. I may not have made it through college in four years, but the memories I've acquired will make me suggest to others this "new degree program"--a major in sorority!! --#--

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